

# The Pocahontas Times.

Vol. XXX No. 34

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, March 28 1912

\$1.00 A Year

## MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

When the blood thirsty Allens recalled the Judge and other officials of the court, the other day in Carroll county, it gave the papers in the large cities on the sea coast an opportunity to publish editorials derogatory to our fair name and reputation. This may be a just retribution for our pride. We have always known that we were superior to the dwellers of the plain, and we have not hesitated to say so.

About the time that a boy gets big enough to do a man's work on half pay, he begins to resent being called a boy. Every man remembers what the retort is when called a boy. "Call us boys! Where do you get your harvest hands?" So we would now remind the cities that they get many of their greatest men from the mountains.

The mountain man takes to the city a mind, an imagination, and a body that advances him over the heads of the soft boned, tenderly reared city man. To every such man a choice is given to go to the city and make fame and fortune or stay at home in the mountains and undertake the harder task of becoming a big man among big men.

The penny-a-liners have been hard put to for copy from Carroll county after the fierce outburst of the deadly Allens. They have attempted to write up that fine county in a way that the people of Carroll county resent. They try to give an idea of the vernacular that sounds strange. They dilate on impenetrable wildernesses and the moonshiners. They even talk about the weakness of every mountain county—the roads.

The pastor of the Presbyterian church at Hillsville has attempted to reply to some of the aspersions cast upon his people. He speaks about the fine \$25,000 bank building in Hillsville. He has not done well in undertaking to raise an issue. Those of us who understand will know about it, and for the rest it is casting pearls before swine.

Suffice it to say that Carroll county is one of the fine counties of the Valley of Virginia, inhabited by the best class of people to be found in America today, and it is humiliating to think that anyone should consider that they are in need of defenders.

As to moonshiners, practically all of the moonshiners live in the cities in this day and generation. The papers say that Sidna Allen owns a \$20,000 house. We doubt very much whether he has any such house. It is not customary for us mountain farmers to put that much in a house. Those that do generally find that they have added to the housework of the women and that it is too much house. But be that as it may there is no cause for astonishment, and no reason to say that when they found an unlicensed still in the basement of the house that it is a new thing in moonshining. Such stills have been found in basements of houses in New York City for years where the chimneys take care of the smoke and the sewers the waste of the illicit manufactory.

We have lived in the mountains all our lives and never saw an unlicensed still. Twenty-seven years ago we saw a smoke up a wooded hollow which was said to be a still operated by the late Quincy Harris, who was sometimes suspected of having a liking for this trade. That is the nearest approach that we have ever made to a moonshiner's camp. A year or two ago some half grown boys were arrested for experimenting with a lard can and extended reports were published about the capture of some desperate moonshiners, but nothing was ever done with them. The grand jury probably smiled when it inspected the equipment, and when a grand jury smiles the danger is past.

It is an offense against the revenue laws and belongs to the same class as smuggling. New York City is not disgraced as a commu-

nity when some thrifty person tries to get a handful of diamonds through the custom house.

A mountain county has a diversified population. The grave and the gay, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, good and bad. There are even people there who will steal but the per cent is very low. They are far more temperate than the people of the city. Dissipation among the women is practically unknown, and to this more than anything else do we owe our salvation. The children that they bear are healthy and sound of mind.

Once we were sojourning at a million dollar summer hotel. It was filled with fashionable people from all over the country. There we saw a sight that was enough to make a mountain bred man almost doubt his senses. Four richly attired females sat about a table, playing poker, smoking cigarettes and drinking highballs. Is it necessary to say that these were from the cities? Such conduct is not only impossible with mountain women, but when we told some ladies of our acquaintance, they refused to believe it.

If there is a single thing that city people have in the way of comforts and all that surrounds and embellishes civilized life, that cannot be found in Pocahontas county, we would like to know what it is for we will try anything at least once. We say Pocahontas county for that is the most mountainous of all the mountain counties in the eastern part of the United States. It is the place where the waters head.

We do think of one thing that we do not have and that is snails. We have not taken to eating them.

But then we are far removed from a seaport and we understand that they come from France, and there are no snail boats to come in and cause the snail eaters to gather. If there is any object in eating them to add to our respectability, no doubt we could get volunteers. One of our acquaintances claims to have tried snails but says he does not hanker after them.

If there is one thing that a mountain man is prone to do in the course of his travels, it is to put up at the best hotel that the town he is in affords. He will deprive his children of shoes to stop at an expensive hotel and tip the servants. He will pay so much for a bed that he cannot sleep for thinking about it. He is used to the comforts at home and he wants to ease the agony of his travels in the low countries all he can.

And whether he stops at the ostentatious Waldorf or the elegant Holland House, he will get no better room, cleaner linen, or finer table than he would find as the guest of hundreds of his friends in his native county.

The cities surpass the country in educational advantages, yet the country people have so many other things in their favor that they seem to readily overcome the handicap and to actually excel in education. Practically every man, woman and child reads in the country. If you want to talk to a man who knows what is going on in the world, you will find him in the farmer. He has his newspapers and he reads them deeply and understandingly. The city man has other forms of amusement, principally cards. But the farmer reads and knows what is happening from one end of the country to the other. He has his mind made up as to the merits of every notable lawsuit and political happening. He is the most intelligent voter in the country today. He makes the best juror. He is used to exercising his judgment, more or less unconsciously, and becomes trained in controversial matters. His clean life gives him a clear head.

If the country boy should show unusual ability in educational matters he always has an opportunity to extend his knowledge by a college or university course, and it is from the country that our best scholars and great men come.

There is abundant reason for it. He has the right kind of a start. You will hear him in after life when he has arrived and is trying the various ways of dissipation as a relaxation: "Well, I am glad I did not learn to play cards until after I got through college," and so forth, and that is the whole secret.

We are not apologizing in this article or defending our own position. We had a piece to write, and had to look for a text and found it in the much abused county of Carroll, where one of the smartest men we ever knew was born and raised. It may suggest itself to the reader that that is why he came away.

We know the penny-a-liner. We know that his lines must have a bite in them or they would not be printed. Our own county had a similar experience of misrepresentation at the hands of city reporters.

We remember one in particular whose daily scroll about our beloved county was so highly colored that the oldest inhabitant could not recognize the town and county that he was writing about. We remember the large, able-bodied, two gallon jug of fire-water from whence his inspiration came, and our last sight of him on the wrong side of a jail door, addressing the prisoners there assembled in words of fire, and refusing to be rescued from his durance vile, and declaring that he would sue the county for untold wealth.

No matter what they say murderers do not run in counties, though George Henry Lewes says: "Murder, like talent, seems occasionally, to run in families."

## TOP ALLEGHANY

We have been having warm weather with plenty of rain and mud.

C. M. Barkley has moved on his farm and is doing some clearing.

W. B. Freeman made a business trip to Durbin Thursday.

The people of this section were sorry to hear of the sudden death of John Flenner. His remains were buried at the graveyard at Mr. Wilmoth's Wednesday. He was well known in this section and respected by all who knew him.

George Hise is running his sawmill at lightning speed since the logs have thawed.

Dorsey Freeman and Wm. Kramer took a load of potatoes to Durbin Thursday.

J. J. Spencer was in Durbin Friday purchasing some furniture from S. H. Hiner.

Several persons from the southeast corner of Pocahontas and some from Virginia attended justice court at Durbin Saturday.

Charles S. Wooddell, who was hurt some time ago while skidding logs, is able to go around on crutches but still has a very sore foot.

K. B. Wilmoth closed a successful term at Top of Alleghany school house a short time ago.

Sam Spencer went to Durbin Saturday for some furniture.

Lewis and Jason Simmons were in Marlinton one day last week.

Born, to Norman Wilfong and wife, March 19, a daughter.

J. H. Phillips made a business trip to Greenbank, Wednesday.

Some of our people have been invited to April court.

W. H. Barkley has been hauling some lumber for John A. Spencer.

T. L. Burner was in our neighborhood last week on business, and doing a little electioneering.

Report of Sunset school for the term beginning October 2, 1911, and ending March 22, 1912. Percent of daily attendance, boys 94, girls 97; total 96. Those for the Honor Roll, Enid Harper, Edith Shinnaberry, Mary Pritchard, Forrest and Page Shinnaberry. Parents have shown great interest in school work which lightens the hardship of the teacher, making the work pleasant as it has been for this term, which I feel very grateful to all who helped make it so.

Delphia Dearman, Teacher.



The middle aged and older Pocahontas people will readily recognize in the above picture the likeness of Col. Wm. H. Terrell, for many years a prominent attorney at the Huntersville bar. The picture is from a photograph found among the papers of the late J. T. Hogsett, of Millpoint, and very kindly loaned us by his son, S. L. Hogsett.

## WM. H. TERRELL, ESQ.

For more than fifty years this gentleman was one of the most prominent and influential persons in the legal and political history of Pocahontas county.

The first time I ever heard of him was in this wise: In the summer of 1836, when I was six years of age, there was a Sacramental meeting held in the Huntersville Court House. When the communicants were invited to occupy a place inside the bar, my parents left me near the foot of the stairway leading to the gallery. Being overcome by drowsiness I would have fallen to the floor had it not been for a gentleman seated near me who kindly placed my head on his knee where I had a good long sleep, as communion services at that time were much longer than at present. My Mother told me that it was Lawyer Terrell who had taken care of me, and from that day to the present no one's name has been more familiar. Governor Letcher once told me, that in all his legal practice he had never met a tougher proposition at the bar than Lawyer Terrell, as prosecuting attorney. These two lawyers were of different political sentiments—Letcher, Democratic while Terrell was the bone and sinew of Bath and Pocahontas Whiggery.

In reference to his family the record is so very unique that one like it may not be found in the history of the war between the States.

Wm. Terrell, Jr., was a graduate of West Point, became a general in the Union army, and died in one of the battles fought in Kentucky.

James B. Terrell graduated at the Virginia Military Institute. He fell in battle near Malvern Hill while acting as brigadier general. For reasons not fully understood even yet, the troops he was leading fell into an ambush and was literally cut to pieces. His commission as General never reached him while alive.

His youngest son, Philip, died in the battle of Meem's Farm, near New Market, believed by some a victim of reckless bravery. Col. Porterfield, who was in command of the first Confederate troops in West Virginia, is his son-in-law.

The writer of these notes has special reasons for cherishing the memory of Lawyer Terrell in virtue of the pleasant relations that ever existed between them. Some of the most pleasant recollections of the writer's life are associated with visits to the Terrell home. The site of this home is ideal, an eminence in the Germantown section of the Warm Springs vicinity overlooking the entire valley.

Sometimes I would find him upon being sent for, in much depression and tearful agitation. "O my friend, everything around me reminds me of neglected duties," and then he would tell "the sad tale of his cares." At other times I would find him calm and pleasant, with a poem he wanted me to hear him read. It seems to me that I have never heard anyone read more impressively than he would at such times. Even now as I write I seem to see and hear him as he read, Gray's Elegy.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Another favorite was the pleasures of hope by Campbell:

At summer eve when Heaven's eternal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

I have never heard any one recite more impressively what Moore says of the silent harp in Tara's halls.

Such is the tribute I would personally pay to the memory of one of the most remarkable and influential persons that ever lived and moved among our Pocahontas people.

## W. T. P.

## KRYDER

Elmer and Glen Hill working on Cheat.

Sugar making is in full sway here now.

O. G. Arbogast is conducting a singing school at the Kerr school house.

The Kerr school closed Friday with a football game in the afternoon between the school boys and Arbovale. The Arbovale team was composed of the following players: John Slaven, Will Riley, Luther Wooddell, Tommy Simmons, Granval and Floy Gillispie, Arthur and Cliff Rader, Lex and Jim Gregory and Glen Lambert. The school team: W. P. Starcher, Earl Wilfong, Clyde Gillispie, Mack Thompson, Fred Conrad, Julian Nottingham, Guy Grogg, Strickler Arbogast, Paul Thompson, Charles Hogue, and Forrest Thompson. Score: Kerr school 2 Arbovale 1.

Saturday morning W. P. Starcher, teacher of the Kerr school, and Miss Goldie Hill, one of his pupils for three years, started for Marlinton to be married. Missing the train, they were married at Hosterman by Rev. C. B. Collins. After visiting friends here they will go to housekeeping at Ripley, W. Va., where a position awaits Mr. Starcher in his father's store, known as the Starcher Hardware Company.

After the football game Friday W. P. Starcher tossed a pair of old pants he had been playing in, aside near the school house. The next morning before leaving for Marlinton he was looking over his goods in the way of money he found missing one pocketbook containing \$42.00. As he and his intended passed the school house, he suddenly remembered the discarded garments, and exclaimed, "I know now where that money is!" Sure enough, there it was, although it had been put there at 3 p. m. the evening before. Many people had been all around and over it. Mr. Starcher and Miss Hill took such luck as a good omen.

Report of the Sunset school for the sixth and last month ending March 22, 1912. Percent of attendance boys 99, girls 100. Those present every day during the month, Enid Harper, Blanch, Mary, and Elise Pritchard, Florence Shinnaberry, Trudie Ruckman, Cornelius Pritchard, Walter Pritchard, Evert, Forrest, Edith and Page Shinnaberry.

Delphia Dearman, Teacher.

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## THE AUGUSTA COUNTY RECORDS

By Frederick J. Haskin, in the Wheeling News.

For a number of years genealogists have been discussing the value of a series of papers known as the Chalkley manuscripts, so called because they are copies made by Judge Lyman Chalkley, of Staunton, Virginia, of the old court house records of Augusta county at a period when the territory of several states was included in that county. The publication of these records, which will probably be concluded within the current year, is regarded by many as one of the most important genealogical achievements of the world. There is no single genealogical publication in existence in either Europe or America which contains information valuable to people in so many localities.

A genealogist known in Europe and America for his published works, divides the settlement of the original American states into three major divisions: the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, by English Royalists; the settlement of New England by the Puritans; and the settlement of Augusta County by the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, the first party of which came to America in 1727. Most of these people came from Ulster in North Ireland, where they had been encouraged to emigrate by James I of Scotland after that portion of Ireland had been devastated and almost depopulated by its long series of wars. Because of the numerous difficulties arising over land titles in Ireland, these people after a residence of a century or more in Ireland, began to emigrate to America in large numbers. Despite their residence in Ireland they had preserved their Scottish characteristics, as well as their religious principles, and their many sterling qualities made them a most important factor in the settlement of this country.

Almost without exception they had large families and from the first had scant affiliation with the English people who had settled eastern Virginia and who were supporters of the established church. These Scotch-Irish settlers pushed farther and farther west as they were able to drive the Indians before them and make for themselves homes where they could worship God as they chose.

Besides these Scotch-Irish who came in thousands between 1730 and 1750, Augusta county's early settlers included a considerable number of the Germans and Swiss who had first settled in Pennsylvania, but moved southwest when it was decided that no more grants of Pennsylvania land should be made until the youngest son of the Penn family should attain his

majority. The act establishing Augusta County was passed in 1738 and the county was organized in 1745 as a part of Virginia. Its population was made up almost exclusively of the Scotch-Irish settlers, with a few Pennsylvania Germans who became more numerous a number of years later. At this time the territory extended to Fort Pitt, by the Virginians then called Fort Dunmore, in Pennsylvania, where Pittsburgh now stands. It included most of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, part of Michigan and all of Kentucky, besides West Virginia, which did not become a separate state until 1863.

Because of the varying statements regarding the value of these old documents to genealogy, a brief statement as to their contents has been given out. They include every appointment to any kind of public office during this period, with every name that appears upon any paper, miscellaneous or otherwise. There are abstracts giving the essential points of every deed, every will and every land grant, with the reports of all commissions, tax lists, delinquent lists, marriages and marriage bonds, lists of French and Indian War and Revolutionary soldiers, pension declarations and many other subjects.

The material of these manuscripts were scattered for years in number of places more or less difficult of access, for there were a number of towns where courts were held in this large territory. The rich historical value of the Augusta county records is attested by the fact that the Carnegie Museum of Historical Research has published excerpts from them in a number of bulletins, including among them the records of deeds entered at Fort Dunmore, Pittsburgh, in 1775 and 1776.

Judge Chalkley had the advantage of access to these old documents, which were so ill arranged that no one had any knowledge of their contents, and he spent years making a copy of them or a brief of the contents of those which were too voluminous to be given in full. Frequently he would find a long searched for will in a bundle of land grants or he would run across a long forgotten will folded in the deed of a property. The fact that so many of these old documents could not be located by genealogists has caused many to doubt their existence. Many old records, which have been believed to have been destroyed, have been identified and copied. Their publication this year will make it possible for thousands of individuals to connect the missing links of their family history more accurately than a professional genealogist could do it without them.

The existence of the Augusta

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